

THE PANEGYRIKE  
AND  
THE STORME  
TWO  
POËTIKE LIBELLS  
BY  
ED. WALLER  
VASSALL TO THE VSVRPER  
ANSWERED  
BY  
MORE FAYTHFVLL SVBIECTS  
TO  
HIS SACRED MATY  
KING CHARLES Y<sup>O</sup> SECOND.

————— *Si sciret Regibus uti,*  
*Fastidiret Olu* —————



M. D C. LIX.



THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE,

OR

SATYRICALL ANSWER

TO

THE SEDITIOUS PANEGYRIKE;

IN VINDICATION

OF

The just hæreditary Rights, & subjection

DUE TO

My Lord the King, Charles y<sup>e</sup> second;

AGAINST

THE TYRANNICAL VSVRPATION.

OF

E.W.'s PARRICIDIAL LORD PROTECTOVR.

**P** *Lebs magna, famâ divitum, re pauperum;  
Adest Tyranno, turbidus quorum furor,  
Rem penitus omnem publicam evertit, bona  
Namque appetunt aliena, prodactis suis  
Sumptu immodesto pariter & segni otio.*

*Iusta ô Nemelis, magnique Iovis*

*Tonitru quatiens cæcula cæli,*

*Ignisque lacer fulminis atri,*

*Tantos fastus sedare tuum est.*

To the R<sup>r</sup> Ho<sup>ble</sup> & truely Noble  
Peere of England,  
The Earle of Norvvich.

MY LORD,

No Poët laureate, but your servant, prayes  
You to accept his Verse who weares no bayes;  
Wherein he strives to shew he ha's the heart  
To dresse a Rebell, if he want the art.  
Prayle he expects none, nor requires, as due;  
That this be read, and he not chid by you;  
Yet he's secure in that you doe not know him;  
Though Elect Lord Protectour of his poën;  
Not that he counts his loyalty a shame,  
But many such as he must beare no name;  
Hereafter, when he may, some other piece  
Shall speake his gratitude far more then this  
Doth his presumption; He'll due honour pay,  
Not in such ballades, but some better way,  
Unto your High Name in the Loyal List,  
Admired by th' Anti-panegyrist.

MY LORD,

Your L<sup>ty</sup> unfeigned honourer,  
and most humble servant,



TO THE PVSILLANIMOVS AVTHOR  
OF  
THE PANEGYRIKE.

Why I but now salute you, save your guesse,  
 Thanke, Sr, your late *Dictatour of the Presse*,  
 Whose spreading Power, like an *Erratike Plague*,  
 Though bred at *London*, met me at the *Hague*;  
 Nor could I scape it, if my *Papers* came  
 To his *endeared Dort* or *Amsterdam*.  
<sup>b</sup> More curious *Satyrists* had seen the light,  
 If <sup>c</sup> that poëtike *Arcopagite*  
 Had from your *Senate* gained the *voting Word*,  
 Or *His old Highnesse* more *authentike Sword*,  
 For the *Pens* *priviledge*, That all might be  
 From *views*, & *Censures*, or *suppressions*, free;  
 That *Truth*, ris'n from the grave, might *London's street*  
 Wake, uncontrolled, in her *winding-sheet*;  
 Not smotherd' in the *baskets* *bottom* lie,  
 Breathing *short whispers*, as forbid the *crie*;  
 Or by *new Patent* mount th' *unsainted stall*  
 In *Pauls Church-yard*, or *Peters Pallace Hall*.  
 She had not daunc'd the *Brawles* with you, but chose  
 To charge your *Target-bearing Squires* in prose:  
 Nor had her journey lost, when *Saumaïs's Ghost*  
 From <sup>e</sup> *Leyden* rid, long since, to *Paris*, Post.  
 Tell *Moulin* too, he should not due thanks misse  
 For's *Anasceustike Para'nesis*:  
 By whom the *f* *paper-built Empire's* blowne  
 Into the *Leman Lake*, and so's *his owne*.  
 But he wants breath the *Brittish Church* to shock,  
 Not set on *Romes Hills*, but *Heav'ns Chrystall Rock*.  
 Your *bloud-maintaining crue* no more she'll swinge,  
 But leave to *Furies lash*, and *dire Revenge*.

Y<sup>e</sup> *Presby-*  
 rian Government vvvhich he calls *Imperium in Imperio*, being irreparably ruind' in that  
 booke, & the independent so weakly founded as it can not support it selfe against ye ar-  
 guments easily draw'n from scripture, Antiquity, Reason,

<sup>a</sup> Vvhere y<sup>e</sup>  
 printers con-  
 fessed he vvvas  
 to print no-  
 thing aganist  
 ye Nevv En-  
 glish state, &  
 refused to en-  
 tertaine these  
 papers.

<sup>b</sup> Many libells  
 against our  
 good King and  
 his party had  
 been an sved-  
 red if Presses  
 vvvere free, &  
 vvente for the  
 copies.

<sup>c</sup> Milton vvho  
 publishd' a  
 speech for the  
 libertie of un-  
 licentid' prin-  
 ting.

<sup>d</sup> Such as Mil-  
 ton in Defens:  
 pro Pop: Angl:

<sup>e</sup> His Replie  
 to Milton in  
 neither place  
 obtaining li-  
 cense to be  
 printed, (at  
 least as they  
 pretend shac  
 have it) for  
 vvvhich he ga-  
 ve particular  
 charge on his  
 death bed.

f Y<sup>e</sup> *Presby-*

TO THE READER.

THE following paper being commended to me by a judicious friend, as Written with a loyall and generous spirit, I thought fit to present you with it at the entrance into our lists.

TO THE PITIFVLL AVTHOUR  
OF  
THE PANEGYRIKE.

Whilst with a *loftie*, yet a *flattering*, pen  
Thus highly you extoll *the worst of men*;  
Whilst *Nero* is by you, as *Trajan*, shov'n,  
And you, by praying, make *his crimes your owne*.

Let all impartial, that have eares or eyes,  
To heare or reade thy *abject flateries*,  
Be joyfull to be thought to have *no wit*,  
Rather then make such *sordide use* of it.

These beare proportion with your *former rimes*;  
As these confusd' with *former hapie times*,  
So you a *noble beauty* drew to th' life,  
Then toké your ugly *chambermayd*' to wife.

Sure, had you livd' in other *Tyrants dayes*,  
Y<sup>e</sup> had celebrated them with equall prayse,  
And we may well beleieve, did he rule here,  
You'd thus extoll *Protectour Lucifer*.

THE



THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE  
ANSWERING  
THE PANEGYRIKE.

PANEGYRIST.

- 1 Whilst with a strong, & yet a gentle hand  
You bridle Faction, and our hearts command;  
Protect us from our selves, and from the Foe;  
Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 1 Whilst with a conscience blacker then yor inke  
*A blond-saint to praeconize you thinke,*  
In vaine by him to be-protected you  
Hope from *your selfe, Hell,* and the halter too.  
There is *within* you, & *without*, will shew,  
No *Rebell* can protect you from your *Foe*.

PANEGYRIST.

- 2 Let partial spirits still aloud complaine,  
Thinke themselves injurd, that they can not reigne,  
And owne no libertie but where they may  
Without controwle upon their fellowes prey.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 2 Let your spurre-gawld' *Presbyterie* complaine,  
Of being over-ridden in their reigne;  
We meane to shake the bridle off, and bring  
Your disunited neckes into *one string*;  
So we, with *libertie* and *justice* may  
See *fowles of rapine* on their fellowes prey.

*The Anti-panegyrike.*

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 3 Above the waves as Neptune shewd' his face  
To chide the windes, and save the Trojan race:  
So hâs your Highnesse, raisd' above the rest,  
Stormes of ambition tossing us repest.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 3 We have assurance yet of such a turne  
As may make *New Troy*, like the *old*, to burne;  
*Troy rovants.* When *Neptune* shall not dare to shew his face,  
Vlesse to drowne the unconsumed race,  
And, next, himselfe; or be, the storme repest,  
Raisd' *ffie cubis high* above the rest.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 4 Your drouping Countrey torne with civile hate;  
Restord' by you, is made a glorious state,  
The seate of Empire, whither Irish come,  
And the unwilling Scotch to fetch their doome.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 4 By whom the *State* is become such a *Thing*,  
As it would once have made a *glorious King*,  
Enslaud' to *Tyrannie*, where *Irish* come.  
And *Scots* to fetch what th' *English* haue at home;  
New *chaines* and *shackles*. Thus it is restord,  
From *civile hate*, with *Furie* to accord.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 5 The Sea's our owne, and now all Nations greet  
With bending sailes each vessel of our fleet.  
Your power extends as farre as windes can blow,  
Or swelling sailes upon the Globe may goe,

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 5 *Charles* has not quit his *Seas* to you, nor yet  
*Nations* their right, that *curse* you when they greet.  
The windes can blast your power when they blow  
Your ships, as *Pride* your hearts, to *Domingo*;  
And send you backe with ratterd' sailes to seeke  
*Inglorious victorie* in some small creeke.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 6 Heav'n that hath placd' this Island to give lawe  
To ballance Europe, and her States to awe;  
In this conjunction doth on Brittain smile,  
The greatest leader, and the greatest Isle.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 6 Heav'n placd' a *King* in *Brittaine* to give lawe  
Vnto good subjects, and such *Rebells* awe;  
At the *conjunction*, which it suffers, smiles,  
The *basest Leader* in the *best of Isles*,  
Whose *Greatnesse* got by *fraud*, not gallant force  
Became *Hells Ballancer* of *Europe's* curse.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 7 Whether this portion of the World were rent  
By the rude Ocean from the Continent,  
Or thus created; it was, sure, design'd  
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 7 If raging seas rapt from the continent  
This portion of the World, they, surely, meant  
To none, but the *right Lord*, themselves to yeild  
A circulary *Fence*, or waving *shield*.  
If thus layd out for *men*, twas not to be,  
As now, the *Foxe* and *Tigers* propertie,

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 8 Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort  
Iustice to crave, and succour at your Court.  
And then your Highnesse not for ours alone,  
But for the worlds Protectour shall be know'n.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 8 Where *fooles* are catcht by craft, & cowards crouch  
*Damne their soules for their ease*, you, s<sup>r</sup>, are such,  
Whither th' oppress'd you name, that shall resort,  
Are none but *Rebells*, such as in that *Court*,  
*Iustice & succour* there's for others none,  
Of them let yours be Grand-Protectour knowne;

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 9 Fame swifter then your winged Navie flies  
Through ev'ry Land that neare the Ocean lyes;  
Sounding your name, and telling dread full newes  
To alb that piracie and rapine use.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 9 Faine would your winged *Navie* outfly *Fame*,  
To gaine a Land that hath not heard his name,  
And entertainment, such as heretofore  
The *English* had upon a better score;  
All shoares salute you now, before you can  
Arrive, *Chiefe Pirates of the Ocean*.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 10 With such a Chiefe the meanest nation blest  
Might hope to lift her head above the rest,  
what may be thought impossible to doe  
For us embraced by the Seas and you?

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 10 What Nation would not such a *Cheat* devest,  
That had a noble *hand*, or *head*, or *brest*,  
*Wisdome* or *courage* to *contrive*, or *fight*,  
To *countermine* his counsel, *match* his might;  
Which is not thought impossible to doe,  
For all y<sup>e</sup> *Seas* embracements, *Him*, or *you*!



*The Anti-panegyrike.*

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 11 Lord of the worlds great waſt, the Ocean, we  
 whole forreſts ſend to reigne upon the Sea,  
 And every coaſt may trouble or relieve,  
 But none can viſite us Without your leave.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 11 Let with us *Head* or *Member* of the waſt  
 World once *unite*, where's your *Lord of the waſt*?  
 We may find *lights & fire* then to *conſume*  
*The glory of your forreſt* into fame;  
 And every coaſt, you trouble, we'll relieve,  
 But firſt ſhall *viſite Him* to *take our leave*.

Iſai. 10; 17.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 12 Angels and we have this prerogative;  
 That none can at our hapie Seas arrive,  
 While we deſcend at pleaſure to invade  
 The bad with vengeance, and the good to aide.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 12 If *yours* vaile not to *Heav'n's* prerogative,  
 Deſcend in *Pluto's* black fleet, and arrive  
 Where your *Sea-Angels* are, We'll ſend you thither  
 By *Styx* or *Phlegethon*, we care not Whether.  
 There *Vengeance* take you who ne'r offer aide  
 But while you want a ſeaſon to invade.



P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 13 Our little world's the image of the great;  
Like that, amidst the boundlesse Ocean set;  
Of her owne growth hath all that Nature craves;  
And all that's rare as tribute from the waves.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 13 That little *Iſle* improperly is ſed'  
*The Great Worlds image*, ſince without an head,  
Except that *braſen* one, which rules, and ſpeakes;  
By *ginnes*, & ſcres, now *thunders*, & then *squeakes*.  
The Land unnaturally beares, by charmes,  
From ſerpents teeth *Cadméan* men in armes.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 14 As *Ægypt* does not on the clouds relie,  
But to the Nile owes more then to the ſkie:  
So What our earth, and What our heav'n denies,  
Our ever conſtant friend the Sea ſupplies.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 14 *Ægypt* has been obligd' to both, ſomewhile  
For flies and lice to clouds, for frogs to Nile;  
Your Land has plagues enough, need not relie  
On *River prodigies*, or monſtrous ſkie;  
Yet may you have them, and, if God thinke good  
*Windes bring you locuſts*, & all waters blood.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 15 The tast of hot *Arabias* spice we know  
 Free from that scorching sun that makes it grow;  
 Without the worme in *Persian* filkes we shine,  
 And without planting drinke of every vine.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 15 The tast of hot *Arabias* spice was knowne  
 Before your *scorcht-nose-Master* climbd the *Throne*;  
 And *Persian* filkes were fetcht, for which you storme  
 All sailing Forts, & shine, but with the worme.  
 We, where we planted not, nor *press'd*, had wine  
*Vnrobd*, *Vnrackt*, for merchandife or coine.

Of Conscience,  
 ο εὐωλῆς  
 ὁ τρεῦτα.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 16 To digge for wealth we Wearie not our limbs  
 Gold, though the heaviest metall, hither swims.  
 Ours is the harvest, Where the *Indians* mowe,  
 We plough the deep, and reape what others sowe.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 16 *Iason* faild' With his, *Argonauss*, you keep  
 Forsooth at home, and plucke the golden sheep.  
 You take your ease, and digge not for your Wealth,  
 All *Chest* and *Church* robbing you uote no stealth  
 Whose harvest mowes the *Indian*? yours? Wou'd you  
 Not have the *Spaniard* carre it for you too?

Things

PANEGYRIST.

- 17 Things of the noblest kinde our owne soile breedes,  
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steedes.  
Rome (though her Eagle through y<sup>e</sup> world had flow'n)  
Could never make this Island all her owne,

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 17 The steadie soile still noble things doth breed,  
But they degenerate that on them feed;  
The *Ass* still takes her load; the *steed* is stout;  
Some men are *warlike*, but *there you're lef Stout*,  
The *Roman Eagle* towrd' y<sup>e</sup> world, but when  
*Britaine* she quit, pray *who Protected then?*

PANEGYRIST.

- 18 Here y<sup>e</sup> third Edward, and the Blacke Prince too,  
France-conqu'ring Henry flourish'd, and now you;  
For whom we stayd, as did the Græcian state,  
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 18 Who was that *Edward?* conqu'ring *Henry?* fam'd  
*Black Prince?* how? *Cromwell* or *Williams* sirnam'd?  
If from that *Royall* stemme your *Idol* spring,  
Why does he boggle at the title *King?*  
The *Græcian* fate was conquest, then or since,  
Who allowd' that to *Poultrone* or'e his *Prince?*

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 19 When for more worlds the Macedonian crid',  
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide  
Another yet, a world reservd' for you  
To make more great then that He did subdue.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 19 Had the World's *Macedonian Master* wist  
Where such a *Monster* lodgd, he would have mist  
All his victorious trophies, to subdue  
That arm'd *Impostour*, and his *Poët* you.  
He had more honour got, more justice done  
In your chastisement then in what he won.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 20 He safely might old troupes to battaile leade,  
Against th' unwarlike Persians and the Mede,  
Whose hastie flight did from a bloudlesse field  
More spoile then honour to the Victour yeild.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 20 \* No confidence in troupes, nor a *Gordian* fate  
Could speed his march through the <sup>b</sup> *Cilician* streight,  
Which passd' He fought, with leftwing well right, worse,  
While the *Mede* rowted his *Theſſalian* Horſe.

The *Persian* flight gave not that day, the thing  
Was a <sup>c</sup> *fixt* love of subjects to their King.

\* *Præ* solet fieri,  
cùm ulsimi dif-  
criminis tempus  
aduenat, in so-  
licitudinem  
versa fiducia  
est.

a Q. Curt 1.1. Gordium nomen est urbis (in Phrygia) quâ in suam disionem redactâ, Iouis Templum intrat, vehiculum quo Gordium Mide patrem vestum esse constabat, adspexit ----- Notabile erat vinculum adstrictum, compluribus nodis in semetipſos implicatis & celantibus nexus. Incolis deinde affirmantibus, editam esse oraculo sortem, Asiæ positurum qui inexplicabile vinculum soluisset, ne in omen verteretur irritum incaptum. . . . Nihil, inquit Alexander, interest quomodo soluantur, gladioq; ruptis omnibus loris, oraculi sortem vel eluſit, vel impleuit.

b Alexander fauces iugi, quæ Pyle appellantur, intravit, contemplatus locorum situm, non aliâs magis dicitur admiratus esse felicitatem suam: obrui potuisse vel saxis confutabatur, si fuissent qui subeuntes propellerent. . . . Thracas leuiter armatos præcedere iusserat, seruiariq; calles, ne occulſus hostis in subeuntes irumpere; sagittariorum quoque manu occupauerat iugum: intentos arcus habebant, moniti non iter ipsos inire, sed prælium.

c Namque haud facile dictum est, præter ingentem illi genti erga Reges suos venerationem, quamdiu hinc ubique regis vel admirationi dediti fuerint, vel charitate flagrauerint.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 21 A race unconquerd', by their clime made bold,  
The Caledonians arm'd with want and cold,  
Have, by a fate indulgent to your name,  
Been from all ages kept for you to tame;

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 21 The *Caledonian* conquest is his shame,  
*Victour* and *Vanquish'd* where are both the same;  
Had they been all like *loyal*, or like *bold*,  
He had there *sterud'* for want, or *froz'n* for cold.  
Their *King, Sr*, whom you once have ownd', *Charles nam'd*  
May make yo<sup>r</sup> *Master* a<sup>d</sup> *The Tamer tam'd*.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 22 Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,  
With a new chaine of guarrifons you binde,  
Here foraigne Gold no more shall make them come,  
Our English Iron holds them fast at home.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 22 *Dutie* conteind' the best, others the Wall  
Confin'd', till bribd' by *Gold*, decoyd by *Call*,  
*Rebells* with *Rebells* then were *Covenant-bound*,  
Till new *Engagements* could old *League* confound.  
In *iron chaines* you hold them now at home,  
But you 'll be *love-links* with 'em when we come.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 23 They that henceforth must be content to know  
 No warmer region then their hilles of snow,  
 May blame the Sun, but must extoll your grace  
 Which in our Senate hath allowd' them place.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 23 There is a *rising Sun*, which they may know  
 Warmer then is your glistring *starre of snow*,  
 Whose *basse light* with *Majestike rages* combines,  
 And by a counterfeit reflection shines.  
 The *Scots* in your *mock-Senate* may finde place;  
 And so in *Clinke* or *Newgate* by *new grace*.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 24 Præferd' by conquest, hapily or'ethrowne;  
 Falling you rise to be with us made one.  
 So kinde Dictatours made, when they came home;  
 Their vanquishd' foes free Citizens of Rome.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 24 This your præferment is, thus overthrowne;  
 Estate, nor libertie, nor life's your owne,  
 Nor yet your *Reason*, which he will engage  
 To contradiction in *free-vassalage*.  
 So proud *Dictatours*, when true triumphs faile;  
 Would have poore brutes lead at their chariots taile;

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 25 Like favour finde the Irish with like fate,  
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state,  
While by your valour, & your bounteous minde  
Nations, divided by the Sea, are joind'.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 25 Th' *Irish* he doomd' to a more early fate,  
His *vote* his *valour* did anticipate;  
When with the *Publike Fayth* he first got in,  
Before the *Beare* was killd', to sell her shin.  
The *Scots* and they now in his bounteous band,  
Whom *Sea* divides, are alike chaid by *land*.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 26 Holland, to gaine your friendship, is content  
To be our out-guard on the Continent;  
She from her fellow-provinces would goe  
Rather then hazard to have you her foe.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 26 *Holland*, content abroad with you to rome,  
Will guard her selfe against you yet, at home,  
And though now hand in hand, well matchd' ye goe,  
Must, when her fellow *Provinces* ---- be foe.  
But for her *trades* advance she may style friend  
The *Pagan*, *Turke*, *Him*, or *Infernal* fiend.



## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 27 In our late fight when canons did diffuse,  
 Preventing posts, the terrour and the newes,  
 Our neighbour Princes trembled at their rore,  
 But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 27 *Princes* that heard the *newes*, or the *report*,  
 Laugh'd lowder then your canons at the *sports*,  
*Republike* with *Republike* so to fight,  
*Vanquish* each other, and then reünite,  
 Into *faint friendship* driven by your *fears*,  
 Which *false conjunction* truly strengthens theirs.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 28 Your never failing sword made warre to cease,  
 And now you heale us with the acts of peace;  
 Our mindes with bountie, and with awe engage;  
 Invite affection, and reſtraine our rage.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 28 So never faild' that sword to make warre cease,  
 When it commanded *slaves* to call warre peace.  
 Still are there such *new conflicts* in your brest;  
 As ſignifie his *peace* gives you no rest.  
*Bountie* and *Awe* engage (but how?) in courſe;  
 This by the *Kings power*, that the *ſubjects purſe*.



P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 29 Lesse pleasure take brave mindes in battailes won;  
Then in restoring such as are undone.  
Tigers have courage, and the rugged beare,  
But man alone can whom he conquers spare.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 29 More pleasure take base mindes in victorie  
Got by secure *deceit*, then *chivalrie*.  
What an *Apostate Poët* knowes was *bought*,  
He must crie up as *won*, and sing *Well fought*.  
*Tigers & beares* have mercie, like their *brother*;  
To spare one lambe, while they're devouring th' other.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 30 To pardon willing, and to punish loth  
You strike with one hand, but you heale with both;  
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve  
You can not make the dead againe to live.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 30 Who, he knowes, dare not die, he dares let live;  
And to them a *left-handed pardon* give:  
Whom he findes to submit and flatter loth,  
He *strokes* with one hand, but *cuts off* with both.  
Those that he can not reach, he wisheth dead,  
Having else *litle hope to save his head*.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 31 when Fate or Errour had our Age mislead,  
 And or'e this nation such confusion spread,  
 The onely cure which could from heav'n come downe  
 Was so much power and pietie in one.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 31 When *Rebell spirits* had mislead our Age,  
 And put three calmed Nations into rage,  
 Heav'n, for *Fayth's* triall, found (suspending cures)  
 No such *Hypocrisie* as his and yours.  
*Rapine* and *Regicide*, to get a crowne,  
 For your *Proteſtour*, from heav'n came not downe.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 32 One whose extraction from an ancient line  
 Gives hope againe that well-borne men may shine;  
 The meanest in your nature mild & good,  
 The noble rest secured in your blood.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 32 *Ignoble actions* shame an ancient line,  
 In which sphere but *portensom comets* shine;  
 Extracted from a foggie aire, drawne high'r  
 The name of *new* or *false lights* to acquire.  
 The *best*, made *meanest*, speake his nature good,  
 The *headlesse Peeres*, in theirs, *Cry up his blood*.

Of

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 33 Oft have I wondred how you hid in peace  
A minde proportiond' to such things as these;  
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restraine,  
And practise first over your selfe to reigne.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 33 To save your wonder; He that hides in peace  
His head from *catchpoles*, for such *slights* as these  
Fits it at leisure; Feeds *Despaire* and *Malice*,  
Drencheth'em well in the *dray-fat* or chalice,  
This *boldnesse* giues, which *Prudence* may restraine,  
Till *fooles*, met in a *Senate*, strive to reigne.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 34 Your private life did a just paterne give,  
How fathers, husbands, pious sonnes should live,  
Borne to command, your Princely vertues slept,  
Like humble David, while y<sup>e</sup> flock he kept.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 34 His private life and gifts debauched none  
But *Conventiclers*, razd' no *Church* nor *Throne*;  
Three kingdomes rue that *Nature* could not smother  
Him and his *Princely vertues* in their *mother*.  
Your *Oliver* had no *King Davids* call,  
Nor was *King Charles* the first a *second Saul*.

D

*The Anti-panegyrike.*

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 35 But when your troubled Countrey calld' you forth,  
Your flaming courage and your matchlesse worth,  
Dazeling the eyes of all that did pretend,  
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 35 Such a call *Varus* toke from *Afrikes* rout,  
When wise *Ligarius*, first calld', shifted out,  
Scorning so false a copie to set Nature,  
Head *Members* that make up a monstrous feature.  
He had no *Countrey-smōens*, were't not pitie.  
His *flaming spirit* should fire the *calling Citie*?

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 36 Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,  
Findes no distemper; whilst 'tis changd' by you;  
Changd' like the Worlds great scene, when without noyse  
The rising Sun nights vulgar' lights destroyes.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 36 The *state* still, as he riseth, riseth too,  
And when he falls, both that must fall, and you;  
Like sawcie *Lucifer*, before the *Sun*  
He steps in, when *Sol* comes, his *sparkle* 's gone.  
The great and litle World would feel a change;  
Should none in them but *he* and *Venus* range.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 37 Had you some ages past this race of glory  
Run, with amazement we should reade your story;  
But living Vertue, all atchievements past,  
Meetes Envie still to grapple with at last.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 37 Had his *Rebellion* in past ages been,  
We might have with lesse horroure *read* then *seen*;  
His had been a *non-pareil Villaines* glory,  
But we had onely *read*, not *made*, the story.  
Hereafter none will *prays*e, few *cred*it give,  
None but *State-Rebells* envie him that live.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 38 This Cæsar found, and that ungratefull age,  
With losing him, went back to bloud & rage:  
Mistaken Brutus thought to breake the yoke,  
But cut the bond of union with that stroke,

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 38 *Cæsar* was no such *Monster*, tis not sed',  
He did his Master *binde*, *lose*, then *behead*;  
He a long-racd' *rebellious Consulate*  
Reducd', but to no *independent state*;  
*Brutus* did somewhat, but his stroke not, misse;  
No more may discontented *Lambert* his.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 39 That sun once set, a thousand meaner starres  
Gave a dimme light to violence and warres,  
To such a tempest as now threatens all,  
Did not your mightie arme prevent the fall.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 39 The *Sun* is set, none but *dimme lights* appeare,  
That would faine glaze a Night can't guild a Yeare,  
Till our *Augustus* by his birth' and merit  
Come the *usurped Chariot* to inherite;  
He'll with his conqu'ring rages all clouds dispell,  
Check *Boreas*, how big soere he swell.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 40 If Romes great Senate could not weild that sword  
Which of the conquerd World had made them Lord;  
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,  
To rule victorious armies but by you?

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 40 *Romes Senate*, overgrowne with Warres succeffe  
Could nor their conquest weild their Counsells lesse;  
*Pompey* will have no *Peer*, *Cesar* will run  
Any risque rather then stoup to his *Son*.  
For *Empire* both. Your *ambidextrous Mate*  
Modells *Monarchicall Multivirate*.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 41 You that had taught them to subdue their foes,  
Coul order teach, and their high spirits compose,  
To every duty could their minde engage,  
Provoke their courage, & comand their rage.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 41 He that had taught them, by texts ill-applied,  
*Religious loyaltie* to cast aside;  
All that could be calld' order to confound,  
Yet by his steps to tread a *mazed ground*;  
May them engage his *darke plots* to complete,  
*They must march on, that can't stand, nor retire ease.*

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 42 So when a Lion shakes his dreadfull main,  
And angrie growes, if he that first toke paine  
To tame his youth, approach the haughtie beast,  
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 42 So yeilds the warlike steed, once hattail-prooffe,  
That breathed lightning to his thundring hooffe,  
Strucke blinde by fury, or his foe, stands still,  
To be lead to some *dray-cart*, or some *mill*,  
There with unbended spirits, takes awfull paines  
To finde Him *grist* who scarce feeds him w<sup>th</sup> *graines*.



## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 43 As the next world, to finde repose, at last  
 It selfe into Augustus armes did cast:  
 So England now doth, with like toile oppressd,  
 Her wearie head upon your bosome rest.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 43 Few pitie one with *needlesse* toile oppressd,  
 She that wo'nt give her selfe, deserves no, *rest*,  
 She hangs her mournfull harpe upon a willow,  
 To take a *nap*, but yet, without a *pillow*.  
 When she calls, by affrightments raisd' from sleep  
 For *Charles*, He will her from *Protectours* keep.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

Enke 19. 42.

- 44 Then let the Muses with such notes as these,  
 Instru& us what belongs unto our peace.  
 Your battailes they hereafter shall indite,  
 And draw the image of our Mars in fight.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 44 He'll teach you more sublime notes to reherse;  
 If you heare him from whom you toke that verse;  
 But since the battailes of your valiant king  
 You leave, to flatter that *new-harnesd' Thing*.  
 The *Queen* of yo<sup>r</sup> *Hate-Muses*, cause you claw her,  
 Make you the *Traitors* riming *Picture-drawer*.



P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 45 Tell of townes stormd', of armies overcome,  
Of mightie kingdomes by your conduct wonne;  
How while you thundred clouds of dust did choke,  
Contending troupes, & seas lay hid in smoke.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 45 But when you come to *storming* a great Towne;  
I pray forget not *London Lord-Mair's* gowne;  
To write of *battailes* when your finger itches,  
Thinke what was done once in the *Citie-breeches*.  
And when of thundring canons, seas in smoke,  
Give us the winde, S<sup>t</sup>, & doe't till you *choke*.

P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 46 Illustrious acts high raptures doe infuse,  
And every conquerour creates a muse,  
Here in low straines your milder deed's we sing,  
But there (My Lord) we'll bages and olive bring.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 46 *Vertue* crownd' with successe creates no Poët,  
But can triumphant be, though no man know it;  
*Abhorred acts* the raptures doe require  
Of some forced' Mule, that straines for *feare*, or *hire*.  
So yours to *Traitours* vill the olive bring,  
Rather then take the *wreathd' bages* from the King.

## P A N E G Y R I S T.

- 47 To crowne your head, while you in triumph ride  
 Ore vanquishd' Nations, and the Sea beside;  
 While all your neighbour Princes unto you,  
 Like Iosephs sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

## ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

- 47 A *Galway* must be furnishd' for this course;  
 A *Dutch mare*, *Irish*, *Hoby*, and *Sea horse*,  
 But a malignant neighbour does not meane it;  
 To have him perching on a *Spanish Iennit*.  
 Now if you swift-wingd' *Pegasus* bestride,  
 You'll outflie him that must the *Grand paw* ride.  
 Yet, *Sr*, what thinke you, should this journey alter.  
 He swimme in *blond*, while you swing in a *halter*?  
 But I will leave you whining at the *gallowes*,  
 Whence if you passe to *Dunstons* or *All hallowes*,  
 Let who will scratch in stone your *Episaph*,  
 I wish your *sin*, not you, a *silent grave*.

Le grand pas

F I N I S.



APOSTSCRIPT TO M<sup>r</sup> WALLER  
B E I N G

*The feigned Charge of a faire Lady, with too much  
truth, travers'd To a foule Courtisan.*

ASTROPH : & STEL :

————— For Tyrants make folkes bow :  
Of foule rebellion then I doe appeach thee now ;  
Rebell by Natures law, Rebell by law of Reason.  
Thou sweetest subject wert borne in y<sup>e</sup> Realme of Loye,  
And yet against thy Prince thy force dost dayly prove :  
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.  
But valiant Rebells oft in fooles mouths purchase fame ;  
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame.







A SOLEMNE & SERIOUS  
ADVERTISEMENT  
TO THE READER.

**T**H<sup>e</sup> ingenious gentleman whose verses give you entrance into the *Panegyrike*, point out *the pitifull Authour* of y<sup>e</sup> piece, by what instances he thought fit, part of which I am not acquainted with, but toke my aime at his person by *Common Fame* the Interpreter of the two letters he præfixeth, and y<sup>e</sup> Reporter of some circumstances, at the *sacrificing* unto his *Idol*, which argue rather a degeneration and dejection of his spirit, then any considerable aggravation of his *crime*. So great a name (for some excellencies heretofore held in such deserved account) having the reputation of it, I may by many of good ranke be censured' for offering at a *sentence upon his life*, or at least for degrading him from the priviledge of a *Scaffold*: but such tender Hearts are addouced rather by y<sup>e</sup> imoothnesse of his straine, then honourably incensed at the severity of his matter, which, like a deluding streame, more dangerously undermines the bankes of his *Prince's* interest, then a bolder torrent that attempts to invade his territories by a deluge: My indignation at that *treacherie* prohibites me to retract what extremitie has passd' my pen: and my observation of his *second lapse*, after a seeming recovery (as I charitably interpreted) in some measure from his first, tenders him in my present opinion, more then halfe desperate, & them most unsecure (if any loyaltie they have left) who, in greater confidence then assurance, are still fond of his conversation: for that unspirited gentleman, who so pusillanimously has twice forfeited his fidelity and honour, to  
set

# TO THE READER.

set a foile on his flatterie, when the *Tyrants* eares stand wide open; will never refrain a new adventure to betray his friend, you may have long since read his *poëme* & discourſd' of it as you are affected. I have now a fresh presented it with my descant to yo<sup>r</sup> review, but in more earnest thrust upon you my ensuing *prosaïke glosses*, desiring you seriously to deliberate what may be y<sup>e</sup> danger, as you will easily observe (if neither *covenanted* nor *engaged*) what is the vilenesse of it.

1. In blaspheming God, by drawing his providence into y<sup>e</sup> positive contrivance of all the *Vsurpers* villanies, frauds, cruelties, & other impious meanes he used to accomplish his ambitious ends, which he applaudes, in the successe, as the greatest hapinesse Heaven had in store for a peculiar People under its chiefe regard, & a most certaine demonstration of his being signally in Gods favour & election for it.
2. In transferring (what in him lyes) y<sup>e</sup> Imperiall power over the English Nation unto a *Vassal* of it, in the title of his Poëme, and quitting his allegiance by delivering himselfe up to the protection of a *Rebell*.
3. Marke his abominable contradiction, in making y<sup>e</sup> *Great Apollyon* a Restorer of his Countrey, & a glorious state, of what the World beholds a *Scene of misery and bloud*.
- St. 4.
4. His intolerable flattery in extolling that for a Court of Iustice and succour unto the oppressed, from whence issue the Edicts of all injustice and cruelty, & that *devoted Wretch* a Protector of the World, who has practizd' rapine on every Canton he could come at. St. 8.
5. His Paralleling the *purchased successes* of a *daring Rebell* to y<sup>e</sup> cleare victories and generous conquests of three Martial Princes, and y<sup>e</sup> *sainted bloud* of a *partisan* to y<sup>e</sup> Royall current in their veines. St. 18.

His

TO THE READER.

55 6. His chaining y<sup>e</sup> native liberty of y<sup>e</sup> Scoth & Irish to  
 ,, the arbitrary pleasure & insolence of a *wanton Tyrant*,  
 ,, whom he will have 'em thanke for the courtesie of being  
 ,, ownd' his slaves. *St. 4.*

,, 7. His senselesse attributing clemencie, mercy & civili-  
 ,, tie, to that *monster of men*, whose policie & power has been  
 ,, dayly imployed in ensnaring & torturing the Nobility &  
 ,, Gentry of His Maties party, that would not abjure & desert  
 ,, their loyalty and his just cause: and urging them to a for-  
 ,, feiture of lives, liberties & estates, according to the tenour  
 ,, of his inhumane ordinances and lawlesse lawes. *St. 28. 29.*  
 ,, 30. 31. 32.

,, 8. His subtile insinuation to withdraw them from their  
 ,, allegiance, & invite their submission to this *degenerated*  
 ,, *Creature*, by the antiquitie of his extraction, together with  
 ,, an irrationall opinion of his maintaining & illustrating  
 ,, their privileges and honours: when as y<sup>e</sup> Nobilitie of no  
 ,, Nation ever had such reproach & indignitie offerd' them,  
 ,, by vesting mechanike & meane-borne persons with æqui-  
 ,, valent titles & much more then æquivalent authoritie,  
 ,, countenancing them in precedence, and (litle becoming  
 ,, the extraction he pretends to) permitting these *mushrome*  
 ,, mere excrements or excrescences of his soile so frequently  
 ,, to offront 'em, & insult upon their persons. *St. 32.*

,, 9. His masking a desire of a more early *rebellion*, with a  
 ,, wonder it was deferred. *St. 33.*

,, 10. His prophane comparing *Cromwells* necessitous & me-  
 ,, lancholike retirements, with H. Davids contemplative  
 ,, pastorall privacie, as if y<sup>e</sup> integritie of both had been the  
 ,, same in their recesses & y<sup>e</sup> method of their lives alike or-  
 ,, derd' to the like end by y<sup>e</sup> disposition of heaven. *St. 34.*

,, 11. His putting the effects of a *restlesse ambition* upon the  
 ,, call of his Countrey, which in truth was the call of his

B

*Armie*



TO THE READER.

- „ *Armie* or y<sup>e</sup> *rebellious Citie* præinstructed by himselfe; & the  
 „ *Hightnesse* he has obtaind' preservd' to Him by no affection of  
 „ the people, but by terror of the sword. *St.* 35.  
 „ 12. His fallacious languaging *an awd' silence of subdued*  
 „ *Soules*, satisfaction of state, or cessation of its distemper.  
 „ *St.* 36.  
 „ 13. His endeavour to disparage Christian fortitude and  
 „ honourable indignation against y<sup>e</sup> *Tyrants* proceedings, mi-  
 „ scalling it *Envie*; & magnifying y<sup>e</sup> issues of his *cruelty* &  
 „ *cosenages* for *Vertue*. *St.* 37.  
 „ 14. His terrifying Heroïke spirits, whose conscience and  
 „ courage might instigate them to execute seasonable iustice  
 „ by the *poniard*, upon Him that hath wrought all injustice by  
 „ the *sword*, with an apprehension of renewing a civile war-  
 „ re to be prosecuted in blood and rage; Whereas no sure pea-  
 „ ce can ever otherwise be expected; nor pay they lesse for an  
 „ *uncertaine truce*, or *saint intermission*, then a subjection of  
 „ *lives, fortunes, families, honours, reason, religion*, all that can  
 „ be held dearest by Christians, or men, to the luxurious *ty-*  
 „ *rannie* of a *Paricide* & *Impostour*. *St.* 38. 39.  
 „ 15. His paganizing with H. Scripture, in an invocation  
 „ of his *apostate Muscs*, the proper Deities of his devotion,  
 „ bidding defiance to God and King, in declaring a reso-  
 „ lution to set up a solemne trophie for the *ruine of the best*  
 „ *Church*, & *assasinate of y<sup>e</sup> best Prince* since *Constantine* & y<sup>e</sup>  
 „ Canon of that Age. *St.* 44.  
 „ 16. His first addresse ( which for no improper reasons I  
 „ charge last ) by a *traitonrous* reflection upon the most *serene*  
 „ *Matie of his King*, who must be *the foe* he meanes, from  
 „ whom, it seemes, he desires his guilty selfe & the abused  
 „ people of the three nations should be still protected. This  
 „ Stanz. 1. beside the undeserved diminution he must needs  
 „ intend, by consequence or implication, in extolling so fre-  
 „ quently the *Vsurpers* singular magnanimitie & dexteritie in  
 govern-



TO THE READER.

„ government , when his conscience can not but suggest to  
 „ him , upon sufficient evidence , some notices of y<sup>e</sup> Kings  
 „ courage surpassing any cleare particular can be attributed  
 „ to that *more bold , or more fortunate , then valiant Rebell* ; &  
 „ some practices of his personall prudence in y<sup>e</sup> difficulties  
 „ ( which have been too many & too intrigued ) his Matie has  
 „ encountred , as , accompanied with other divine and Royall  
 „ excellences , render him to all that can or will see their  
 „ luster through y<sup>e</sup> cloud of His misfortunes , so fit a mode-  
 „ ratour of all incidents to the regiment of three kingdomes ,  
 „ as any Prince in y<sup>e</sup> Christian world. I may presume too  
 „ farre without comission , but what every man has from  
 „ Truth , that knowes it , if I instance to M<sup>r</sup> Waller ( who needs  
 „ no such instruction ) in y<sup>e</sup> most excellent endowments ,  
 „ both naturall & acquired , His Matie is possesd' of , [ y<sup>e</sup> ori-  
 „ ginal iustice & clemencie of his disposition , sagacitie of  
 „ spirit & soliditie of judgement steadinesse in Religion , wi-  
 „ thin the liberties allowed by Christian Charitie , & prece-  
 „ dent , for compliance whereinsoever it may oblige & satis-  
 „ fie dissenting parties , upon *conscience* , not *interest* , in *sacris*  
 „ never to be intended. Constancie of resolution , what ere  
 „ otherwise , Malice , or Curiositie , or Iealousie may have  
 „ observed ( in more rigour then good maners ) from any  
 „ short retreat to new Counsells , or bystep to convenience ,  
 „ when importunately represented ; Equalitie of temper  
 „ upon all indignities , injuries , necessitie , hazard ; Majestike  
 „ freeness , with election & providence , in his graces ; The  
 „ mixture of a noble & courteous Gentleman with the state  
 „ & grandure of an highborne Prince , in conversation and  
 „ admission of addresses to him. *The fortitude of y<sup>e</sup> stoutest He-  
 „ roe , the mercifulnesse of y<sup>e</sup> softest Virgin , & y<sup>e</sup> fidelitie in perfor-  
 „ ming word & promise of the devoutest Priest*. To all which , &  
 „ much more that M<sup>r</sup> Waller knowes might be added , without  
 „ flatterie or designe , let us adjust so many yeares unfortuna-  
 „ te

TO THE READER.

„ te varietie of experience in y<sup>e</sup> persons languages, customes,  
 „ mysteries &c. of foreigne Courts & Countreyes, such as no-  
 „ ne of his Majesties Ancestours had opportunitie or miserie  
 „ enough to attaine unto, ( surpassing all y<sup>e</sup> homebred scru-  
 „ tinies & subtilties of y<sup>e</sup> *Vsurper*, or all his outlying ungene-  
 „ rous discoveries by mercenarie espialls ) of invaluable ad-  
 „ vantage to the perpetuall policie of His kingdomes, if taken  
 „ from His person, with y<sup>e</sup> lively Coментарie of his reigne,  
 „ and pra<sup>t</sup>ike exercise on his Throne; not borrowed from  
 „ his dead memoriall, to garnish a future Historie, or y<sup>e</sup> Mo-  
 „ nument of His Subjects *too-late loyalty* to Him in his Grave.  
 „ The sume of all which, and what more is left to y<sup>e</sup> scatterd  
 „ character in fame, on accidentall observation, is y<sup>e</sup> Pytha-  
 „ goreans motto of an accomplish't Prince. Οὐδὲν ἄρρασιλευσιν.  
 „ *He has nothing like a Tyrant, nothing unlike a King.* ] So y<sup>e</sup>.  
 here! here! had been more proper worke for Mr Waller,  
 where he might have soard' upon y<sup>e</sup> wing of an Eagle, whi-  
 le he tund' his layes to Apollo's Lyre, & curld his Muse by  
 the miroir of y<sup>e</sup> Sun; not so unworthy of himselfe, have  
 stoupt to dip her feather in a dunghill, not made her swimme  
 such a solemne course in fogges & filth, y<sup>e</sup> poysoned breath  
 of serpents & toades, glooming on y<sup>e</sup> surface of a Lake,  
 and to chatter like a swallow in a storme. But reputation is  
 not regarded when neither honour nor honesty is had in  
 purpose. My desire is, what I here present, by, & from the  
 hand of integritie & Truth, may remove whatsoever pre-  
 judice the slie artifice of y<sup>e</sup> *Poëtiike Rebell* hath wrought into  
 y<sup>e</sup> hearts of such as otherwise are capable to, readmit y<sup>e</sup>  
 image & be consign'd' to y<sup>e</sup> obedience of their now *exild'*  
*King*, & *rejected God*, presuming no deluded soul dispos-  
 sess'd' of one but by a sinfull & dangerous ( I hope not de-  
 perate ) dereliction of the other. Nor am I so great apprehen-  
 sion of Mr Wallers sharpest *Satyre*, as hope of his *Peni-*  
*tentiall Palinode*, yet not to be sung, but sigh'd' & wept out at  
 y<sup>e</sup> two

TO THE READER.

y<sup>e</sup> two Tribunals of Heaven & Earth, where I as heartily wish him pardon, as I doe y<sup>e</sup> rigour of justice and revenge, if he perseveres, as he promiseth, the *Panegyrist* of rebellion, hypocrisie, & yet unchastised murder leaving thee, my Reader, in y<sup>e</sup> same capacitie of hell or hapinesse, as thou usest my intimations, which thinke of seriously at those minutes, when our phantastike Poëtry is throw'n aside, & thou prostrate in his presence, y<sup>e</sup> Veile of which thou behold'st to have a more stringent & awing luster then y<sup>e</sup> swords & jewells wherewith Guilt & Robberie have now charg'd the Cabinet at White-Hall or Hampton Court, which Veile hereafter drawne, or y<sup>e</sup> sparkling starres that beautifie it run all about the Centre of thy Soul & Body into one encircling light, thou shalt with *ravishment* or *horror* see Him that sitteth upon the Cloud from whose mouth thou must then expect *thy sentence for an eternitie of miserie or blisse*, as thou plightest thy fayth, and payest thy obedience, to Him that is or Him that ought to be ownd', thy *Soveraigne*, & placed upon the *British Throne*. *A Dien,*

THE  
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BRITAIN  
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1945



THE STORME  
RAISED  
BY M<sup>r</sup> WALLER  
IN HIS VERSES VPON THAT  
WHICH HAPENED ABOUT THEIR  
PROTECTOVRS DEATH;  
ALLAYED  
IN A DOVBLE ANSWER;  
ONE  
BY THE AVTHOVR  
OF  
THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE.

Ἀρχινίων μετὼν ἔχας πλὴν γαστέρα.  
Ἀναξ' Ἀπολλων. τῶν ἐπὶ ὡς εἰδυμάτων  
κακὰ χυσεύει πηγαί. λωδ' ἀκακὰ χυνοῖτο σῶμα,  
Ἰλίουδὸς ἐν φάρυγγι. τί κ' ἐν τοίμῃ σοί;  
εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἐπιβυσει τις αὐτὸ τὸ σῶμα,  
ἔπειτα ταῦτα κατὰ κλῆρον ποιήμασι.

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# ON THE STORMES

HAPPENING ABOUT  
THEIR  
PROTECTOVS DEATH  
BY

M<sup>r</sup> WALLER.

We must resigne ; Heav'n his great Soul doth claime  
In stormes as lowd as his Immortall fame :  
His dying groanes, her last breath, shakes our Isle ;  
And Trees uncut fall for his funerall pile :  
About his Palace their proud roots are tost,  
Into the aire. Thus Romulus was lost,  
New Rome in such a Tempest lost her King,  
And from Obeying fell to Worshipping.

On Oera's top thus Hercules lay dead,  
With ruind' Okes & Pines about him spread,  
Those his last fury from the Mountaine rent.

Our dying Hero from the Continent  
Ravish't whole Townes, & forts from Spaniards'reft,  
As his last Legacy to Britaine left.

The Ocean, which so long our hopes confind,  
Could give no limits to his Vaster mind,  
Our bounds enlargement was his latest toyle,  
Nor ha's he left us Prisoners in our Isle:  
Vnder the Tropique is our Language spoke,  
And Part of Flanders hath receivd' our yoke.  
From Civill broyles he did us disengage,  
Found Nobler objects for our Martial Rage;

D

And



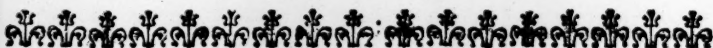
THE STORME.

And with wise Conduct to his Country shoud'  
The ancient way of Conquering abroad.

Vngratefull then, if we no teares allow  
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too.

Princes, that feard' him grievd', concernd' to see  
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.

Nature herselfe tooke notice of his death,  
And sighing swelld' the Sea with such a breath,  
That to remotest shores her billowes rold'  
Th' approaching fate of their Great Ruler told.



THE ANSWER

BY

A LOYAL GENTLEMAN.

Waller, your *Cromwell*, and the *Stygian* host,  
The *Flouds* & *Whirlwinds* that conveighd' his *Ghost*,  
Should passe for me, Nay, you might praise mens crimes  
As *Servant*, & as *Poët* of the *Times*.

But can I brooke that your inconstant hand  
Should bring such sprigs of bayes, t' adorne a land  
Where Woods of Laurell grew, whose sword in *Spaine*  
Gave orders by her *Prince*, what King should raigne:  
Whose forces populous *France* could not repell,  
And therfore gave her *Crowne*, and *Isabell*;  
Who conquerd' *Cyprus*, reskued *Palestine*  
From the rude hand of the proud *Saracin*;  
And spred her fame, supported on such Wings,  
Vnder the Conduct of her lawfull *Kings*.

Sure 'tis no wisdom, now she is oppressd,  
To yexe her *Genius* with that poore acquess,

And

THE STORME.

And make her boast of a Walld' piece of Sand,  
Ownd' as the purchase of a foreigne hand.

Your *Tropique Isle* is but a remote Cage  
For English Victims, when *New Spaine* shall rage.

And from your Peace arise Warre's lasting seeds,  
*The outward Wound is skind', but the Heart bleeds.*

Vhy by extolling this meane Recompence  
Would you revive the thought of her Expende?  
She might forget one *Tyrant* had squeeze'd more  
Of Treasure from her then ten *Kings* before.

If you would know why Nature that foresaw  
Your *Tyrants* death transgress'd her Common law,  
And sighd' a *Storme* that did ungrapple Woods,  
And rolld' the billowes of the High-swol'ne floods;  
She was afraid that *Parricide* would fill  
Her vast extent with that dissolved *Ill*.

That Monster-queller, Vanquisher of Crimes,  
Why name you him in your officious rimes?  
What likenesse can you fancy these two had,  
Vnlesse you meane to tell us, *both dyed mad?*

Somewhat indeed *Great Romulus* supplied,  
But 'twas the lesser Crime of *Fratricide*.

Had Ages past bin priviledgd' to use  
The talent of so *prostitute a Muse*,  
Rome should have mournd' in Verse o're *Nero's* grave,  
And *Pilate* would not want an Epitaph.



ANOTHER ANSWER  
BY  
THE AVTHOR  
OF  
THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE.

---

WALLER.

We must resigne, Heav'n his great Soul doth claime  
In stormes as lowd as his Immortall fame &c.

ANSWER.

You must resigne, Heav'n retriues few Soules,  
That carkaifes leave proper food for fowles;  
Nor deignes alike, to the *Converted Thiefe*,  
And *Irrepentant Regicide*, reliefe.  
From that *White-Hall* who would not mercy sue,  
To 'th' *Prince of Darknesse* is awarded due,  
Claimd' in such language as his *Furies* speake,  
Whose sentence, wrapt in *clouds*, in *stormes* must breake  
While *Fame*, with *lightning* winged, hasts to tell  
The World's foure corners *justice done in Hell*:  
How, when that *curst Soule* was to expire,  
The *Windes* were all let loose to *blow the Fire*;  
For quick descent to the *bloud-guilty Ghost*,  
*Earth* threw her entrailes up, their rootes *Trees* tost.  
The *Night-bird* waiting till the dying tone  
*Despaire* breathd' in a dismall *Mandrakes* grone:  
Though some, to elevate his guilt, maintaine,  
That funke not *Charon*, but the *Hurricane*.

Waller.

# THE STORM.

WALLER.

———— Thus Romulus was lost.  
New Rome in such a Tempest lost her King,  
And from obeying fell to worshipping.

ANSWER.

So was Rome quit from her *Wolfe-suckled Thing*,  
Who of a *Cottager* would be a *King*;  
Onely Her nobler *Senate*, for redresse,  
The *salvage Soul* themselves did dispossesse,  
And tore asunder the *devoted breast*  
That stalld' the *Foster-Spirit* of a *Beast*;  
From *Cures* fetcht, the *Scepter* sure to sway,  
The *Prince* that brought them *Priest* and *Holy-da*;  
If that be to *Obey*; to *worship*, this;  
You are brave *Romans*, to doe both amisse

WALLER.

On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead  
With ruind' Okes and Pines about him spread.

ANSWER.

*Mad Hercules* on Oeta's summit stood,  
Clothd' in a sheet of *selfe-revenging Blood*;  
And, though not guilty of a *ruind' Isle*,  
By unseen *Fate* was forc't to build his *Pile*.  
*Horrours* more sharpe stings did your *Tyrant* pricke,  
Who died both *Hypocrite* and *Heretike*.  
Disquid' convinced *Reason* in his *Vill*;  
Departed with lesse *honesty*, then *skill*.  
*Inexorable Nemesis* ashamd'  
That her confronted power should be defamd';  
That crimes, *defiance* bidding to her *fear*,  
By *Precedent* should punishd' be, or *Peer*;

E

No

# THE STORME.

No *Oakes*, nor blazing *Pines*, about him spread,  
But stifled *Conscience* in a *fether-bed*;  
Then in a *Whirl-wind* hurried it to feel  
Th' eternal torture of a *turning wheel*;  
Or what may judged be a fitter doom  
By th' *injurd Shades* in their *Elyzium*.

Such as fell prostrate in y<sup>e</sup> walled *Chace*  
Adord' the *Ancient Genius* of the *Place*  
Who his retirement keepes, and *Tarasse Walkes*,  
On which in *Tempests* with the *Windes* he talkes,  
*Wrapt in the last breath of his murderd' Lord*,  
*And the blouds restlesse vapours*, these the word  
*Revenge* articulate in *midnight cries*,  
Fright waking *Rebells*, yet deceive their *spies*,  
Which non dispatched to Earths utmost bound,  
*Summons lust Powers to see the right Heire crown'd*.

## WALLER.

Those his last fury from the Mountaine rent;  
Our dying Hero from the Continent  
Ravish't whole Townes, and Forts from Spaniard's rest,  
As his last legacy to Britaine left.

## ANSWER.

There may be *Forts* in *Isle* and *Continent*,  
Like some *coy Virgins*, ravish't by consent;  
And *Flemmish* modesty may lesse withstand,  
when an *Italian* ha's the *Rape* in hand.

If *Dunkirque* had not lost her gallant *Squire*,  
You had advanc't but in *isch* and *desire*.

*Borborg* without her *Cingle* and *green shie'd*,  
Was but *Neglect* surprized in the field,  
Howe're you must for *Fort-or Citie-Wench*  
Thanke the more nimble *Ravisher* the *French*.

But

### THE STORME.

But what if *French* and *Spaniard* once agree?  
Britaine may forfeit *Nero's legacie*.

### WALLER.

The Ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,  
Could give no limits to his Vaster mind.

### ANSWER.

No Element could limit his *Design*,  
Who meant to sap *Heav'n* by a *Golden Mine*;  
But your *New Audis* will not pay the cost  
For so much *powder* spent, more *labour* lost.

### WALLER.

Our bounds enlargement was his latest toyle,  
Nor ha's he left us Prisoners in our Isle;  
Vnder the Tropique is our Language spoke,  
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our yoke.

### ANSWER.

Your bounds enlargement did the *Hero* serve  
But, whom he could not *hang* nor *draw*, \* to *serve*;  
And the transported *Prisoners* of your *Iste*  
Became againe such in the *Tropique* style;  
At best, your planting *Colonies* men take  
For a remove from *Chatnes* to *Spade* and *Rake*.  
And thinke the *Toke* now layd on *Flanders* neck,  
When *Spaine* and *France* shall reünite, will breake,  
For all you winde along the *Coasting Land*,  
Which you count *Cable*, is a *Repe* of *Sand*.

\* to his  
Party.

### WALLER.

From Civill broyles he did us disengage;  
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage.

So

## THE STORME.

### A N S W E R.

So by deceitfull *Ashes Fire* suppress  
Has a concealed *Fury* reïncrast;  
And a forc't *Deluge* is the sad effect  
Of an enraged *Torrent* boldly checkt.

Those *Nobler Objects* must their pedegree  
Fetch higher then from *Man* and *Monarchie*;  
For all his *Projects* could create no doubt  
In a wise breast, but against both he fought,  
And on confounded *Government* a *Throne*  
In fancie raisd', that he might *reigne alone*.  
*Man-Monarchie* I sayd he chac't, the rest  
Being but the *Monsters* worrying the *Beast*.  
*Two Roman Furies, and one lapsed Ghost,*  
*Renouncing Peer, Prince, God, his Soul ingroß.*

### W A L L E R.

And with wise conduct to his Countrey shoud'  
The ancient way of Conquering abroad.

### A N S W E R.

Our ancient *Princes* have in foreigne Lands  
Their *standards* fixt, embattelled their *Bands*  
For *Honour* or *Religion*; but He  
*Ravish'd* for dirt & pure *Necessitie*.

The whistling *murmure* heard, and *cloud* espied,  
To set spurs to his *Sea-Horse*, and outride,  
Was the preventive of a *threatning Fate*  
From a *Wrongd' King* against a *Rebell State*.

*Like caution use men in a Flaming Towne,*  
*Pull downe their Neighbours house, to save their owne.*

waller.



## THE STORME.

W A L L E R.

Vngratefull then if we no teares allow  
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too.

A N S W E R.

Abandond' Wretch to *Flattery* and *Shame*,  
Doeſt thou pay *Teares* and *Tribute* to that *Name*  
Which *Heav'n* and humane *Vertue* persecutes  
With *Revenge* and unbounded *Hate*! reputes  
The *Eccho* of *Impiety*! and what  
Muſt character a *Miscreant*, calls *That*!  
Could thy *Heart Marble* be! and frozen *Eyne*  
Corgele to let! become true *Cryſtalline*!  
Were thy *Poëtiſke Braines* turnd *Adamant*,  
Such as *Bloud* could not *ſoften*, but *enchant*  
To ſtubborne ſtiffeneſſe, when *Great Charles's Waine*  
Was drenched in an *Erythraan Maine*!  
Now breake all into *Teares*! By meaſurd' *Art*  
Lament th' or'eturning of a *Brewers Cart*!  
*Pluto's Præſentour*! Call'ſt thou *Vs* to ſing  
A *Dirge* for the *Slave* that killd' his *King*!  
Then goe and pay the *more-repentant Iew*,  
That crucified thy *Saviour* prayſes due;  
Of *Martyrd Limbs* raiſe for *Iſcariot*  
A *Mauſolëan Tombe*, that layd the plot;  
Weep at y<sup>e</sup> memorie of his *Deceaſe*  
That *Hell* enlargd', whoſe *Fury* is thy *Peace*.

W A L L E R.

Princes that feard' him grievd' concernd' to ſee  
No pitck of *Glory* from the *Grave* is free.

F

Abuſd'

## THE STORME.

### A N S W E R.

Abusd' Credulity ! They rather *scorn'd* ;  
Tell me, which of thy *grieved* Princes *mournd* ?  
Demand their suffrage ; If they would not have  
All their owne *Rebells* throw'n into his *Grave* ?  
That their concernment is ; They joy to see  
*Fort-Rebell* from *Surprise* and *Storme* not free.

### W A L L E R.

Nature her selfe tooke notice of his death,  
And sighing swelld' the Sea with such a breath  
That to remotest Shoares her billowes rold'  
Th' approaching fate of their Great Ruler told.

### A N S W E R.

*Nature* toke solemne notice ; At his *trance*  
Invited all the or'e-wrought *Waves* to *dance* ;  
Made aged *Neptune* with his *Trident* clime,  
Vp *Dover-Cliffe* , to *Æolus* give time ;  
Each other gratulate deliverie  
From *smoke* , and *rage* , and roving *Piracie*.  
The billowes , that remotest shoares could reach,  
Lay downe and laughed on the foming *Beach* ;  
*And We* , whom *Versè* in *Panegyres* had *vext* ,  
*Wishd'* *Fate* might cut the *Poëts* halter next.  
For such , when *Kings* are *exild'* , *Rebells* dead,  
*As laugh* , and *weep* , the *twists* no other *thread*.

### F I N I S.



*The Authour of the second Answer his letter unto the  
Gentleman that sent him the first with*

*Mr WALLERS Copie.*

KIND FRIEND;

Being ready to close my *Animadversions on the Panegyrike*, or, as I titled it, my *Advertisment to the Reader*, I received your letter with (what I had not before seen nor heard of) the *Poërike Copies* upon the *Storme*, the former whereof has all most robd' me of a *parsimonious Vertue*, the little *Charitie* I had left for the person of him that writ it, and made me twist the few *Apologetike lines* I had there inserted into the *Satyrs* twine you mentiond'. It is too true, what you know one sayd, *Waller is bold in nothing but Poetry and Flattery*, and his *Cowardise* in all esse made me incline to hope, y<sup>e</sup> being, as many others, alike afraid to die or become poore, the severity of their late *Prosecutor* had awed him into an ungenerous submission and that compliant *Poëme*; to that I was halfe unsatisfied when the dangerous possibilitie of its effect had extorted from me an imputation of all I feard unto his designe. But, Friend, you have cleared my mistake, and made me list him with the *Desperados* such as *Milton* and *Britannicus*, whose pens and tongues have acted fairly to the death and disrepute of one, as their kind Heart meant evidently, what it could, to the damnation of all other *Kings*. Waller indeed has had more wit, though not more honesty in keeping distance from such reflections; but when he comes to his *Apotheosie*, and formes a bolder *Legend* for an angry *Storme* then some *Persian Poët* did heretofore for the *pious Wind* that preserv'd more innocent *Clearchus*;

Corps from becoming *Dogsmeate* (as adjudged) by burying it with counterblasts in a heape of dust; When by atchieved or fancied conquest he commemorates his *Saints* as titular to all the *World*; and makes *Nature* her selfe as passionately affected with his death as her Gods, fighting alike under the sad retirement of her Veile at both, y<sup>e</sup> difference being no more then between a piece of *Cypres* and substantiall *Taffata* I meane the shadow or more darke consistence of her cloud; me thinks I see his plot layd on purpose, to bring forth a progenie of *petie Deities*; to nurse and suckle them with the milk of his *devirginated Muse*, till they grow up to an apprehension of their birth forsooth, and descent, which declared by such feigned prodigies to be from heaven, if y<sup>e</sup> abused people can be scared into a resignation of their beliefe (w<sup>ch</sup> we will not doubt but *God* and *Reason* will overrule and prevent) the honest *Heralds* may hereafter search their Office to as litle purpose as heretofore they did in the controversie between the *Red Rose* and the *White*; such a *Poët* and *Perkin Warbeck* without disguise shall frame a title worth ten of the *divided Houses*; as *Waller* who with his wreath of Bayes &c. can now invest a *Breuer's*, could have done as much in times past, against all pretense or right, for *Lambert Simnel* the *Bakers bras*. I shall not need to tell you, Friend, as one did *Calvin Glaucias. Non Claudicat, sed Clodicat*, That our *Pöëtike Gentleman* ha's not ignorance enough to become so lame in his judgement; nor superstitious credulitie to limpe so in his beliefe, as to take a litle *Winde* and *Raine* for *Celestial Portents* confirmative of *usurped titles* to Crownes and Scepters. His *aged Guilt* has consigned him to the interest of a *prevailing Partie* for his ease or pleasure, & while he can sing or versifie his Soul into a slumbe, he regards litle the *first alarm*, that may awake him into *Amazement*, & has not courage or Christianity enough to thinke of a *later Iudgement*, though

advanced so farre in Religion as to understand and halfe-belceve *en passant*, y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> summons to it is by a *Trumpet*, whereas his *Conscience*, like his *Eare* by frequent *Sonnets* is set onely to y<sup>e</sup> softnesse of the *Lute* or *Viol*. But his surprize will be the more sodaine, & theirs ( who are I feare too many ) that he charmes into the like declension of any enterprize with hazard in behalfe of their exild' King And may their *Supinitie* then pay the forfeit of what they will not now seasonably and, as they might, succesfully redeem by any *AQs* of *Christian Gallantry* and *Heroïke Honour*.

His *curst Paper* I have sent after the rest unto y<sup>e</sup> Presse, & with it, though without your leave, the *generous* and *ingenious Answer*; what sleight dashes are made by me, I may have litle reason to expect should be valued in yo<sup>r</sup> serious judgement after that *solemne obeliske* which through the libell wounds the Authour of it at the heart. Yet because you writ, I had not mentiond' my answer to it, as to the *Panegyrike* ( which I could not before I saw it, ) I thought your meaning was I should doe it, though you knew me otherwise enough employed; wherein, as in all the rest of your intimations I have, somewhat hastily, endeavoured, to render my selfe, as I doe more deliberately upon receipt of your expresse comāds, accordingly as they import,

KINDE FRIEND;

*Yo<sup>r</sup> most resigned  
humble servant.*

*Errours to be amended at 3<sup>d</sup> instance of the Printer.*

Dedic: to E. N. vers. 8. Reade poem.

Let: to ye Pupil: Anthour &c. v. 24. r. *Paranesis*.

To the Pit: Auth: v. 1. r. whilst. Ib: v. 3. whilst. Ib: v. 14. Y' had:  
Antipan: st: 1. v. 1. r. blacker. Ib: v. 5. show. Ant: st: 2. v. 5. *libertie*:

Paneg: st: 9. v. 4. all. Ant: st: 9. v. 2. his name. Ant: st: 23. v. 3.  
*eyes*. Ant: st: 27. v. 5. Into. Ant: st: 34. v. 6. was. Paneg: st: 41.

Could. Ant: st: 44. v. 5. *Queen*. Ant: st: 46. v. 5. will.

*Advertisment to 3<sup>d</sup> Reader.*

Pag: 1. l. 2. r. points. l. 13. at least. p. 2. l. 2. betray. p. 3. l. 1. Seoth.  
l. 22. *mushromes*. p. 6. l. 32. desperate. Ib: in so great apprehen-  
sion. p. 7. l. 17. to Him that is, or Him that ought to be, ownd' thy  
soveraigne.

*First Anf: to the forme.*

Vers: 10. r. therefore. Ib: v. 23. Why.

*Second Anf: to 3<sup>d</sup> forme.*

Pag: 4. v. 3. but Heav'n. p. 5. v. 22. Disguisd'. Ib: will. p. 6. v. 15.  
now dispatched. p. 7. v. 22. *Rope*. p. 8. v. 5. pedegree. p. 9. v. 26.  
pitch.

*Letter to 3<sup>d</sup> Friend &c.*

Pag: 1. l. 10. r. all else. l. 13. so that. l. 25. preserved, Ib: *Clearchus's*  
*Corps*. p. 2. l. 22. *Brewer's*. l. 32. a slumber.

